

The Three Billy Goats





The Three Billy Goats Gruff were very hungry.



The goats saw delicious green grass in the field across the bridge.



But a troll was hiding in the bushes near the bridge. Very Big Billy had an idea!



Pit pat, pit pat, pitter patter pit pat, Little Billy started across the bridge.
The troll stopped him.



"Who's there? Who's on my bridge?" cried the troll.



"It is I, Little Billy Goat Gruff." said the goat. "I want to eat the grass in the field across the bridge".



"I want to eat you!" cried the troll



"Mr. Troll, please don't eat me. I'm little. Wait for my brother. He is bigger." pleaded Little Billy



"You may pass" said the troll.



Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat-tat. Big Billy started across. The troll stopped him.



"Who's there? Who's on my bridge?" cried the troll.



"It is I, Big Billy Goat Gruff." said the goat. "I want to eat the grass across tin the field across the bridge".



"I want to eat you!" cried the troll



"Mr. Troll, please don't eat me. I'm little. Wait for my brother. He is bigger." pleaded Big Billy



"You may pass" said the troll.



Bumpety-bump, bumpety-bump, bumpety-bump-bump. Very Big Billy started across the bridge. The troll stopped him.



"Who's there? Who's on my bridge?" cried the troll.



"It is I, Very Big Billy Goat Gruff." said the goat. "I want to eat the grass in the field across the bridge".



"I want to eat you!" cried the troll.



And with that, Very Big Billy butted the troll into the air.



And into the river.



The Three Billy Goats Gruff watched him float far far away.



The goats ate lots of grass and never saw Mr. Troll again.